It hits the fan - 101 Ways to kill a Loser by HorsepowerHateart

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Summary: It is still on the loose. And this time it gets them. I love these guys, all of them. But since we all have to die at one point, why not kill them right now? Now the concept here is self explanatory, right? Some of these death scenes will be funny, others - like this one - will be pretty bloody disgusting.

It hits the fan - 101 Ways to kill a Loser

Part I

Aqualung – Eddie Kasprak catches a breath

Indian summer was over. All the bright colours had turned to monochrome grey and the sun had lost all its power. In the morning hoarfrost coated the seemingly dead trees and foliage- covered lawns of Derry, Maine. Soon the temperature would drop further and not rise above zero even at daytime and bitter frost would embrace the land for months on end. Eddie Kasprak wanted to use these last days before the onset of winter to be outside as much as possible. His mother`s grip on him had become lighter and, now that he began to understand her motives a little bit, he had found more positive ways to deal with her.

Over the last months things had changed significantly for him and his friends, but some things did not. Eddie was still afraid of germs, but now knowing where that fear came from, just as Ben had begun to undertake serious efforts to loose weight, he decided to take some measures to overcome it. Whenever he found the time, Eddie would expose himself, in a safe environment of course, to a thing he found somewhat disturbing for being possibly infectious or "patrogenic"*, as he remembered the word from his medical compendium. On one day for example he had undertaken the formerly unthinkable atrocity of sharing a milkshake with Richie. Fear of Herpes and Hepatitis A to D notwithstanding, in the end the worst things proved to be trashmouth`s expectable jokes like "It is only November, why would I brush my teeth?"

Or:"Now that my tender lips touched it, this straw will taste like your mother`s... ouch! That hurt!"

And of course a felt thousand varieties of "This thing is now fuller than before I drank of it."

And well, admittedly the level of artificially flavoured clycofluid in the paper cup did not necessarily decrease with Richie making deliberate efforts at sucking it in and snorting it out as noisily as

possible. Just to be extra annoying. But not even THAT was so bad, since Eddie could clearly see and hear his friend`s growing admiration for this relatively badass stunt he pulled of in front of everyone. The small boy took every obstacle put in his way by his obnoxious friend bravely and won the day, even some handclaps and appreciative backslapping when he finally emptied the cup.

Now today`s desensitization exercise was pigeons. Yes, those sweet little cooing birdies that grandmothers loved to watch. Not that he actually feared these critters like death, they weren`t giving him panic attacks or anything. But whenever Eddie had a swarm of them picking on the ground before him he would either wait until they took off or make his way around them in a save distance so he would not risk coming too near.. Harmless as they might seem, these birds were flying infections, rats of the air! Just as practically everybody was grossed out by free running rats, Eddie was grossed out by pigeons. Now, since he knew this was a bit silly –hardly ever anyone caught a disease from a flipping pigeon – he had decided to train himself to more normal dealings with these feathered fiends and on this afternoon in early November left his house with a paper bag filled with dried bread crumbs and headed for Bassey Park.

And no, he did not tell his friends about this enterprise, they didn`t need to know every little thing, they just would see him the other day, bearing his head just a little higher and strutting a little bit prouder around the autumnal lanes of Derry.

So Eddie sat down on a bench under an old Elm tree vis-a-vis a slightly rundown playground with some younger kids, mostly little girls, frolicking around, swirling up leaves like a whirlwind. As he unpacked his supply, young Kasprak was well aware of the ironic fact, that he acted like a senior citizen in his attempt to become more like a normal teenager. But he didn`t care, what counted was his goal. What others might think of him - a thirteen year old boy looking more like ten, who behaved like a granny – was of no more concern to him. Not after this year.

Eddie waited for some of the grey birdies to come near enough before he reached in his bag and lightly threw some crumbs in their direction. They eyed him in typical bird manner with some suspicion before they began to gravitate in his direction and only when feeling

save enough they began pecking at the crumbs. The black haired lad watched them with some apprehension, glad that they and their bacteria stayed a good few yards away. Some people had caught deseases from pigeons after all.

After their nigh apocalyptic confrontation Eddie had to find a whole new way of dealing with his mother. At that day he had simply hated her, had perceived her as nothing but a malign force, just as evil as this clown-thing. Afterwards however, when he began to understand his mum`s motives a little bit his anger subsided – at some point he was even a little shocked at his own burning rage - and began to make some arrangements. For example he still took some pills, simple vitamin capsules, for breakfast when she could see it, and that soothed her a bit. And when he had enrolled for Physical Education for the new school year he had promised a thousand times to be careful and not to overstrain himself. Also he still kissed his mum goodbye every day and she still had tears in her eyes when he left the house, but it was no more the overacted, accusing wailing she`d engaged in before. These days Eddie saw genuine concern and love, and sometimes even a little pride on her face and this was good. So they were on their way to find a new modus vivendi...

"Guid efternuin, young ser. Dae ye mind me dawpin daun here?" A well modulated, yet slightly raspy voice rose Eddie out of his musings. He looked up and saw a slender guy about sixty, maybe sixty five in an old fashioned yet elegant suit, smiling friendlily down at him, making a slight tip to his hat. Strictly genteel that one.

"Uhm... yes...? Take a seat..." was the boy`s slightly awkward attempt at an answer to the stranger`s almost unintelligible question. More bewildering than the heavy accent, probably something European, was the unheard of politeness the man addressed him with. For one thing he had never been called "sir" by anyone. And normally adults would not bother to ask a 13year old for permission. In their earlier lives the Losers even had been driven away from places by older folks who didn`t want them around. But something had changed about them and people noticed that. Sometimes Eddie had the impression of folks shying away from him and his friends. Not that they were outlaws or something but... outsiders. Even more than they had been before. Respect they would probably never get, but at least they were

being left alone now.

With the stranger having settled down beside him, the boy just continued his exposure therapy and threw some more crumbs at the cooing pack in front of him, this time a little nearer, allowing them to come closer. The urge to drive the birds away with a little sweep of his foot was there, but he withstood it. He also felt an other twitch, cold and painful in his left arm just at the point where the fracture had been. Eddie could almost feel the hairline fissure he knew was still visible in the X-ray. Was this a signifier of the coming cold front? Was he getting weather sensitive?

"Awfy cauld, te day innit?" the elderly man croaked with an amicable, almost compassionate gaze at the kid beside him.

"Ah, yes... It`s... getting pretty... cold." Eddie made another translational shot in the dark, wondering if the stranger had seen him flinch. He risked a look sideways to inspect his new companion closer. Well, this suit was not just old fashioned, it was just old and worn-through. The guy seemed to be somewhat older and frailer than Eddie had at first estimated, so that one probably was sensitive to climatic changes himself, a fellow sufferer. So Eddie just gave him a little smile which the older one returned gladly, exposing a row of yellowed teeth, or rather fragments of teeth. Obviously dental treatment was just as unaffordable as a new wardrobe. The man seemed to be in some dire straits financially. Maybe he was a once well-to-do bank clerks whose pension funds had exploded, now living on welfare checks and still trying to hold up an air of refinement.

Eddie returned his attention to his pigeons. There were more of them now and he saw with some trepidation how the birds dared come closer, their gazes looking more demanding. The next charge he threw at them almost as an appeasement offer. A particularly meddlesome one hopped between his feet and pecked at a crumb he had accidentally dropped there. For a moment Eddie closed his eyes and held his breath, a thousand medical terms rattling through his brain, Birdflu, Ornithosis, **Histoplasmosis, Toxoplasmosis Query fever...A**nd then... nothing. He opened his eyes again, the bird looked at him, seemingly bewildered, and simply hopped away.

One of the things Eddie had to learn was that he actually *was* a little

frail and somewhat behind in his physical development. Re-entering Phys-Ed had made that painfully clear to him. What he had thought of as something fun and exciting proved to be a constant source of frustration when he just would not be able to climb a rope or absolve a simple obstacle course. His friends helped him as much as they could, even Stan would lower his pace on the cinder track to animate him a bit but still, this was all pretty discouraging. And of course, with his feeble body not yet showing any signs of puberty, shower embarrassment was one more distressing aspect of Eddie`s new life.

The odd thing was that, despite being the perfect bully target, he experienced nothing like the humiliations he had lived through before. One or another joke here or there, sometimes more, sometimes less funny, but none of the spiteful scorn he had suffered before. Same was true for his friends. Maybe this was another instance of people feeling the change that had taken place in the Losers, not daring to put them down any more.

Some sort of snoring stirred him up once again. At first, Eddie thought the old man – how could he ever have estimated him younger than 75? - had fallen asleep, but he was wide awake, attentively watching the girls on the playground. No, these rales obviously were the guy`s regular breathing, which came quite laborious, even painful as it seemed. Maybe a case of untreated pneumonia. As he watched the geezer, slumped, snot nosed and unshaven, he began to wonder, if this guy even had welfare checks to live on. At any case, Eddie couldn`t hear this death rattle without feeling his own airways tighten.

His asthma was another thing Eddie had to come to grips with. For a while he had begun to think, this was a mind over matter thing, just as his phobiae, but it was not. It was part a of him and it would always be. So Eddie still carried his inhaler with him, but used it much less than before. Presently he felt for it in his pocket, just to make sure in case it be needed. For a moment Eddie wondered if he should just get up and leave. He was feeling increasingly uncomfortable besides this unclean figure with snot dripping down his nose and this insanitary smell, who might actually be more of a threat to his health than any pigeon. Immediately Eddie felt ashamed for this thought. For some reason his brain had blotted out this

obvious fact at first sight, but this poor guy was clearly homeless. An impoverished person with no place to go at the beginning of another cold winter, probably yearning for some kind of company.

As on prompt, said person produced a paper bag wrapped around what obviously was a bottle of cheap liquor.

"Dae ye waant some, Ser?" the hobo croaked, generously offering his priced fusel to the ever more grossed out teenager.

"Ahm. No, thank you."

"How come nae?"

"Be...cause I`m thirteen?" came Eddie`s repulsed answer, now almost automatically converting the stranger`s babbling into plain English.

At this point drinking alcohol was just as unthinkable to Eddie as having sex. Why would people even want to do this stuff? Okay, there had been this day when Mr. Trashmouth brought a sixpack of beer he had stolen from his chronically uncaring parents. But even Richie had given up on this because he had to drink the bitter fizz alone.

The hobo had gone back to watching the girls in the playground whose joyful laughter seemed far away now. For some reason Eddie could hardly make out words in their shouting.

The stranger however, smearing his greasy fingers to his shabby clothes stared almost hungrily at the children, a wolfish expression unfurling on the formerly so friendly face.

"Keek, `em frilly panties run!" the geezer exclaimed smacking his lips and making a disturbingly weird chuckle, now literally drooling.

My god, what kind of a freak *was* this? An alcoholic pedophile on the lurk? Or was the guy just mad? In any event, Eddie felt outright disgusted by now. And he had to confess to himself a little afraid even. Only now Eddie realized how he had unwittingly scooted to the very rim of the bench, and again, very pressing now, he felt the urge to just get up and cheese it. But... Was it a grim fascination? Or still some awkward attempt at politeness? Something still hindered him

from just leaving. In some way Eddie felt like sitting in a bubble with this weirdly chuckling sicko and was not at all certain, he would actually be allowed to go. Yes, he began to fear, something might happen if he tried. Despite the cold, drops of sweat began to form on Eddie`s forehead.

On the other side of the bench there was more heavy, raspy breathing and the rustling of dingy clothes.

Eddie could literally hear bones creaking as the old crook bent with contorted face to pick up something from the gravel. Laboriously upending himself the bum waved the object at Eddie with a heavily demented, black-teethed smile, a bandaged hand holding a cigarette stump.

Oh no! No! He was not doing this! But like a true connaisseur the tramp took the repulsive object to his mouth with an appreciative grunt, lit a match, held it to the stump and began puffing. Yes. He did it!

Again Eddie felt his airways constricting. Someone lighting up next to him was bad enough – one of the worst things imaginable - but putting a a grimy, germ infested dog-end picked up in a public park where dogs pissed and people spat on the floor in one`s mouth and smoking THAT was a million times worse! Exposure therapy well and good, but too much is too much. And there was more, a bone chilling anxiety that had slowly been building in him that had nothing to do with fear of germs or an oversensitive breathing apparatus.

A plume of thick black smoke hovered lazily in Eddie`s direction. The boy could sense his throat cord up tightly and again reached for his inhalator. Something in him now screamed at him to RUN AWAY, only his legs, feeling like lead wouldn`t obey.

The small, smoldering cigarette produced an unnatural amount of soot, almost like a factory chimney. When the cloud reached him, Eddie immediately felt this poison infesting his lungs. With a supreme effort of willpower he ripped himself off his seat and began stammering something like "Sorry, I have to ..." a reflexive gag cutting off the sentence. Hastily he shoved the inhalator into his mouth, pressed down the notch, anticipating a widening of his

airways. But instead of relief there was a cold, sharp pain sizzling down his pipes. Something spread inside Eddie´s throat, like a swarm of little ants biting at the sensitive tissue. Immediately he began to cough, the contractions only making it worse, forcing the caustic fluid deeper down his gullet. Shock and lack of oxygen made him drop to his knees, eyes widening in silent shock and agony.

"Whass up? Som`one chaynged ye med`cin fur acid or whit?!" the old tramp asked, cackling ever weirder.

Yes, this was exactly what it felt like. Acid. Sprayed directly into his respiratory organs. Eating away the delicate tissue in his pharynx, making him hack again. This time there was blood.

Eddie gagged, threw up some stuff, didnt`t know if it was just gastric contents or actual body tissue. Even more blood came with it. In the foam that run out of Eddie`s mouth there swam slimy little gobbets, etching flat channels into his chin.

Slowly the bum scuffled over to plant himself straddle-legged in front of the heaving boy, blotting out the rest of his already blurred sight of the surroundings. The real, sane world now seemed far remote and beyond reach. Hazy, like seeing through stained glass.

"Need ta boak, ha?" came the brittle voice, still raspy but much higher. Almost comical but brutally aggressive now.

As Eddie gaped up at the figure towering above him he saw yellow eyes, a pale face distorted by

unnatural hatred, saliva dripping from a hanging bottom lip.

A terrible recognition flashed through the boy as new jolts of excruciating pain contorted his body. This could not be! Not even trying to scream for help, Eddie forced himself to breath through his nose as flatly as possible. With a diabolic grin the Taelus leaned forward and spat on the ground, just before Eddie. There was a sizzling sound from the corroding gravel and a thick, sulphurous smoke ascended.

No matter how much he fought it, his reflexively contracting lungs

forced more poisonous gas into little Eddie`s lungs, quickly melting wind-pipe and gullet into one. Raving mad with pain Eddie scratched the grit, breaking his fingernails, now literally puking out his guts. Convulsing jaws bit at the gravel, teeth splintered down to the gums.

Fewer and fewer oxygen got into his system through destroyed breathing organs, dizziness paralyzing his volition.

As he resigned his futile struggle, the boy turned himself away and, no more able to fight, curled up in a fetal position half under the bench, jittering and whining.

The last thing Eddie saw when the acid- fog pixeled away his field of vision was Its face, much softer now, smooth almost. It was now kneeling beside him running Its long, claw-like fingers through the dying boy`s hair, humming a soothing melody in his ear.

"Eddie- bear my friend..." It whispered to him, now in clear English, caressing him gently, almost like a mother.

"You poor old sod. You see, it's only me... only me."
As the last shivers pulsed through the broken, little body It straightened itself to tie a glaring red balloon to the iron armrest of the bench. With a last acknowledging tip to Its hat It strolled off, limping on one leg, whistling faintly to itself and soon disappeared in the quickly gathering November fog.

*Give the guy a break, he`s 13 and pathogenic is almost as complex as placebo.

Ed`s dead.

My moral message: Umh. Eat your vegetables.

I would like to apologize to all the Scotsmen (and Scotswomen) for butchering their dialect.

Yer th' best mah mukkers!